

The Temple Artisan

October-November-December 2020

Behold, I give



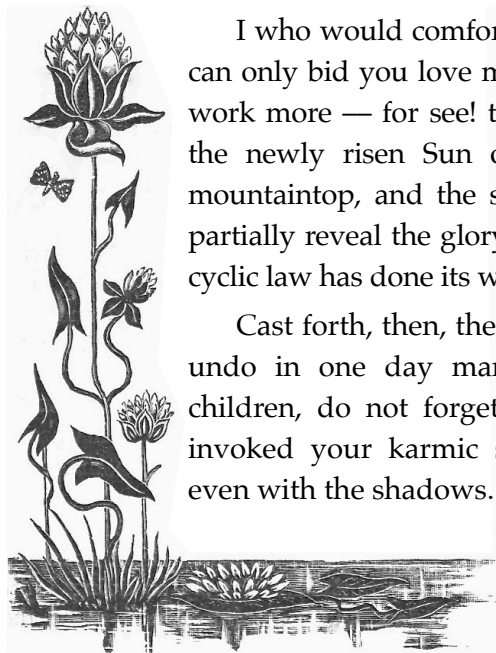
unto thee a key.

LIFE'S SHINE AND SHADOW

If the Path seems long and dark to you who look back on life's lessons from such a narrow point of consciousness, how think you it appears to us who, from the altitude of centuries of ceaseless labor, of hope deferred, still work on with the Law even when no light be visible? For know the radiant light of fulfilled purpose may not dawn for us until it dawns for you; we are all bound to the same wheel of change.

I who would comfort you with my own comfort can only bid you love more, hope more, trust more, work more — for see! the first trembling rays from the newly risen Sun of Life even now gild the mountaintop, and the shifting shadows at its base partially reveal the glory to be made manifest when cyclic law has done its work.

Cast forth, then, the demon of discontent; it can undo in one day many years of toil; and, my children, do not forget that you yourselves have invoked your karmic shadows, so be patient — even with the shadows.



EDITORIAL MIRROR

One hundred twenty-two years ago on November 15, 1898, at 8:00 p.m. in Hiawatha Hall in Syracuse, New York, the Master Hilarion formally organized the Temple on the outer plane. He had come to Francia LaDue to tell her that His cycle, as the Regent of the Red Ray, had arrived and it was time to take up the Temple work. He explained the work to her and her part in it, a part which she alone could do, as all her life experiences had prepared her for this great task. He awaited her decision.

At first she refused to assume so great a task because she felt her utter unworthiness, but the Master would not take her answer as final. He gave her three days to decide, at the end of which she consented to take up this great work for humanity. The next day the Master gave her numerous directions, plans, and the information necessary for starting the work. He told Francia that there was one man in her orbit who could help her with this work, Dr. William H. Dower. Eternal was the tie that bound them together as well as to the Master. Thus the Temple work began according to the plan and the directions given to them as co-agents to help carry on the new movement. Francia was to be known as Blue Star and Dr. Dower as Red Star, designations that focused on the principles of the work rather than on personalities.

Several years after the Temple began in Syracuse, the Master told the group he had selected a spot in California for the Temple's permanent home. In January 1903, the spot was dedicated with appropriate services conducted by Blue Star at high noon, with "high and powerful forces present." The headquarters were moved there the following June and became a center of focus for the Temple group.

Soon after coming to California, the the group was greeted with this message from the Master: "I have drawn you from

diverse places to this point for no ordinary purpose, and whether you come reluctantly or gladly, it matters not. Many centuries have passed since you stood on these shores and on this spot before. Much experience has been yours since that time. Though I cannot prevent the trials which are a part of your development from coming upon you, I can and will be with you when those trials come."

It took deep, abiding faith and love in this great cause, undaunted courage, steady endurance, and determination of will to launch the Temple movement. This sacrifice paved the way for Temple members who joined later and embraced their particular aspect of the work. Our responsibility is to carry on the work of preparing our hearts and lives to be open to the in-pouring force of the Avatar, and we in turn must serve as vehicles or distributing centers for these Lodge forces.

The Avatar, the Christ, is the supreme embodiment of the Law of Love, which law is the very center of our teachings. Obedience to the principles which radiate from it will not only further individual evolution but will also increase our privilege to serve in the Master's great work toward Universal Brother-Sisterhood. Like charity, this great work begins at home and perhaps our sense of belonging, of being enfolded and nurtured within our Temple family, may be a faint indication of what it could be like to live in a world operating under the Law of Brother-Sisterhood, which Law is the living practice of the Law of Love. *This is our Temple work; this is our life.*

We in America celebrate Thanksgiving each November as a day of gratitude for the opportunities we have in this country, and as a time to be with family and friends to honor our connections and love. While family gatherings were small and Temple services online this year, our love and acceptance of each other is boundless.

Each December 25th, much of the world celebrates the birth of the Christ in one form or another. The Christ spirit reminds us that, no matter the name of the religion, the message is the same: Love you one another. Acceptance of each other, the tolerance of our differences, and the realization that we all come from One Source is our primary assignment. Again, *this is our work; this is our life.*

No matter the walk of life, the tribe or family, church or synagogue, color or position, I wish you all a rich and soul-satisfying life in the days to come.

— Eleanor L. Shumway
Guardian in Chief

Theosophy is not a creed.

It is the Grace of God in one's life;

It is the Power of God in one's work;

It is the Joy of God in one's play;

It is the Peace of God in one's rest;

It is the Wisdom of God in one's thought;

It is the Love of God in one's heart;

It is the Beauty of God in one's dealing with others.

— William Quan Judge

THE LEDGER OF LIFE

This essay by Francia A. LaDue, first Guardian in Chief of the Temple, was read during the 122nd Temple Birthday celebration on November 15.

A short time ago I chanced upon a paragraph in an article I was reading which I determined to quote in my message to you because of the simple truth so graphically expressed. It ran as follows:

“When you add up your ledger of life and deduct all outstanding claims from all that the world owes you, there is left only the little love or affection for somebody or something to balance the account. It is the only wealth that is universal.”

Never has the fact therein expressed meant more to the human race than it does today; for amidst the clashing of new ideas, the wars and rumors of war, the crashing of material foundations, the restless search for new religious ideals, there is a deep soul hunger in humanity which must be satisfied to some degree, or actual soul starvation will be the fate of the human race.

Think of this, my co-disciples: Ask yourselves the questions, “To what degree have I cultivated the most priceless possession I own?” “Is there anything in the world that can begin to compare in value with the power to love, unselfishly, some individual or some cause, to such a degree as to make me gladly sacrifice life itself?” The love some other individual bears to you may be a very precious possession, but its value does not compare with the value of the love you may bear to that same person or to another.

Is it at all surprising that we are taught that God is love? Is there anything else, however great, that can convey to our minds such a satisfactory idea of the nature of such a wonderful spiritual being? Yet how little we know of love as an actual state or condition of life. We can feel its effects to some degree, but we can neither touch, taste, nor handle it. It is only a chimera to many people who have

had no personal experience of its reality.

Notwithstanding the general belief in the value of this mysterious force or principle and the natural longing for its experience, are we doing anything to retain the power to give love? Are we considering it from the standpoint that we have no responsibility for it, and that it is something as free as air "that goeth where it listeth," therefore that it requires no effort on our part to cultivate or retain? If so, believe me, we are mistaken, and the proof of my statement lies in the fact that with the coming of old age, injury to the brain, imbecility, etc., the power to give love in the average human being is abrogated to a greater or less degree. This is not due to the breaking down of brain tissue or injury to other physical organs; the sense of feeling, of hunger and thirst, of heat and cold remain to the end of life. It is due to the neglect of the seed which God planted in the human heart in the beginning of life. Man has made but little effort to develop that seed during the ages that have passed. His efforts have been directed mainly to the satisfaction of his sensual desires, desires which are the antithesis of the universal love to which I refer. One is utterly personal and selfish, the other is universal and unselfish. One is a perversion of the other, one is sexual, the other sexless.

Man is well aware that if he is to profit by any natural gift, for instance, music, he must spend long years in all but unremitting labor before he has developed the gift to the necessary point of excellence. He must accept the instruction of others more highly gifted than himself as to methods and means of accomplishment; yet this greatest of all gifts, the power to love aright, the power to love God, is left to chance or environment and only too often to the false conceptions of other men who have misunderstood or misinterpreted the teachings of the Christs of all time on this all important and mysterious subject. To bring this subject down to a concrete illustration, we must learn to make room in our hearts for



God by expanding that seed of love planted in our hearts in the beginnings of life on this plane, and that expansion must come by deliberate, untiring effort on right lines. Figuratively speaking, the seed must be watered, the soil enriched, the plants cultivated and pruned, in order that the fruit shall appear in due season. As a rule man has been content to confine that seed in a narrow groove by exercising it on some one person or purpose, regardless of the nature of the energy so expressed, and now it looks as though the karmic reaction of that despised or neglected gift was upon us, the gift which might have saved the world from such disaster as now threatens it. The result of our neglect is now evidenced by the widespread arousing of the force of Hate: hate of individuals; hate of nations; hate of everything that does not conform to individual ideas of government, religion, or habits of life; and countless people are deceiving themselves by believing that the demoniacal results of their hate are in reality the results of Love. I firmly believe the greater part of the calamities which have come or are coming upon

the world are the direct results of our ignorance of the nature and offices of universal love, Christ Love. If we made the effort and used the means at our command to develop that seed of love in our hearts and teach others to do the same, we would be the greatest benefactors to our race that it has ever had.

By the application of the word “love” to the instincts or qualities of sex or passion, and making no distinction in common conversation when the subject of love is introduced, the masses of humanity have but little opportunity to learn the nature of universal Love or the method and means of its cultivation.

The imagination must first be used in forming a mental concept of a form of energy pervading the universe and every living thing and creature within it as does the ether. Then meditate on the attributes of Love — its unselfishness, its power of sacrifice and devotion — and associate them with that energy. Form a mental picture of a family, an organization, a nation, and a world, as they might be if governed entirely by the principle of universal Love. These are some of the first steps we have to take toward the realization of our desire. Until we have a clearly defined mental picture of the object we desire to attain fixed in our auras, we cannot work systematically toward that end. If our desire is not strong enough, our wills set toward attainment, and the privation of form or mental picture fixed in our minds, it is difficult to meditate to any purpose. It seems necessary to build a bridge, as it were, of Universal Love between mental and spiritual energy before the individual mind can pass the natural barrier between any two planes.

If we can awaken the necessary desire in our hearts, we will have taken the first step in the attaining of Universal Love.

In all tenderness and devotion, I am your sister,

Francia A. LaDue

August 1919

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

My Dear Children:

I am writing you this letter that its words may sink deeper into your hearts than they could by the mere tones of the voice of Blue Star, through which I must yet speak to you. I desire that you read and re-read these words and realize that the essence of my own individuality flows through them.

As the neophyte — disciple — man advances along the path of evolution, he takes step after step of the degrees of the Great White Lodge, unconsciously. As you examine your past lives, you will find that the real epochs of those lives have not been divided by days and years, but by events. Great sorrows, severe pain, thrilling joys are the milestones marking off that journey of life, milestones that have been the means of broadening and lengthening the mental and spiritual horizon of your *real* inner existence; and each of these must be duplicated over and over again on the three great planes of being — mental, spiritual, and physical. Grief and pain will walk by your side over many vast stretches of the path until they are conquered by self-conscious endeavor. You have arrived at the step where you may begin to do this. When either or both seize upon you, try to realize that they are part of the great world's pain and grief, just as you are a part of it. To whatever extent you succeed in rising above and conquering it, to just that extent have you changed the inharmonious conditions of the world and made it a better dwelling place for the children of God; and what is true of these is true of all limitations of matter, force, and consciousness.

As victory over limitations crowns your efforts, you will become more conscious of your oneness with the Lodge and the Universe. This consciousness carries with it a force that refines the atoms of the physical body. The organs of sense will begin to

lose their grossness, and light and sound from the inner sphere will break on your sight and hearing.

I give you this little touch of love that you may pass it on to others in need. You are in a great company, met to commune with each other on matters of vital importance. As day follows day, you will become more convinced of this. There are great trials of faith and endurance before you, and persecution and trial to Blue Star. I bid you stand by her, as you stand by me. Do not judge what she may seem to do or leave undone. You can see but surface acts. Draw closer and yet closer together; work as one being for the good of all.

Trust and love the Great Master who — though higher than the angels — walked the earth in poverty and humility. Sink your very souls in the great Father-heart, the beats of which vibrate through your own with every pulse of the same, and remember that I am one with you, not outside of you.

In tender love I greet you, my children,
Your Father and Brother,
— *Hilarion*

A Prayer

*Father-Mother-Son in One —
From our inmost hearts we plead
For power to love unselfishly;
For wisdom to perceive aright;
For perception of righteous course;
For determination of purpose;
For power of action according to Thy Will.*

122nd TEMPLE ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS

*Dear Eleanor, dear brothers and sisters of Halcyon,
Germany, England, America, Russia and the whole world —*

*We all are the Temple, all of Humanity!
This is the light of our hearts and our lives,
our pure aspirations, melted together.
Congratulations to all on the Temple's Birthday!
Happy Birthday to Everyone!*

*— The St. Petersburg Group
November 15, 2020*

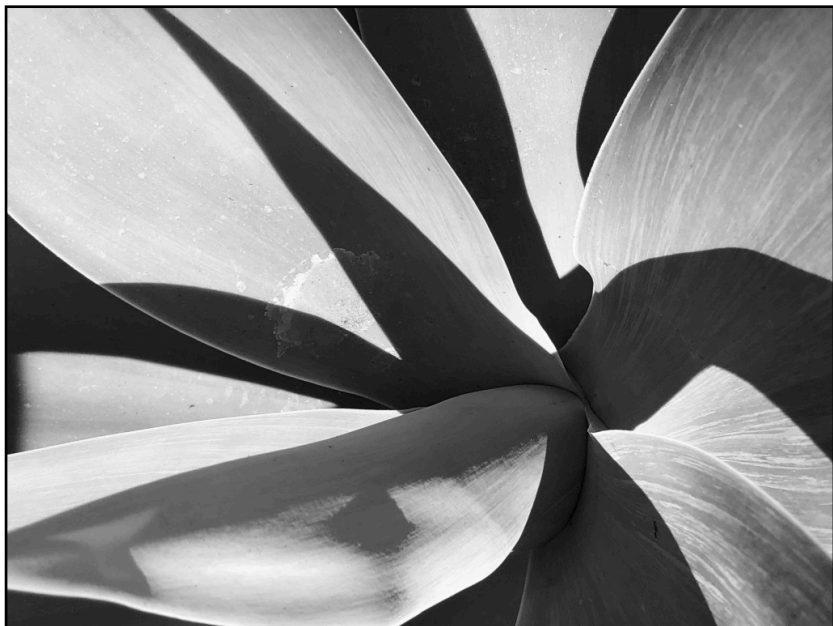


*Dear Templars,
Thank you for the divine Love you give us with such generosity.
For 122 years, the Temple has been leading people on
the spiritual path, and our hearts are full of gratitude.
Health and strength to you,
and we will try to better fulfill your lessons,
without which we cannot imagine our life.
— Natalia Toots and Your Brothers and Sisters
of the Moscow Group
November 15, 2020*

WE BELONG TO THE WORLD

Ever since I can remember, people and faraway places have been important to me. As a child I loved to read, and the Halcyon library opened my eyes and imagination to the world and its peoples through the books I discovered there. I still remember the puzzled look on my mother's face as I excitedly described the many wonderful things I'd read about Egypt, especially the *pyram-ids*. It took her a few minutes to figure it out and correct my pronunciation of *pyramids*. Years later, when I finally stood beside the pyramids at Giza, I saw superimposed on those awe-inspiring structures a picture of our kitchen in Halcyon and Mom helping me with the problems of a reading vocabulary that outran my speaking vocabulary.

Looking back, it seems as if life has led me to experience a wide variety of people and places. Every step I've taken has fitted me for



Photos in this issue by Marti Fast

the next turn in the road; every choice I've made has led my way in preparation for who I have become. I didn't see the pattern then, but in hindsight it seems clear and logical. I believe these words from the Master have guided my steps:

Unless we belong to the world instead of to one tiny bit of it, we are limited beyond anything we can conceive of. It is no light task, that of belonging truly to the world, of making our decisions based on the welfare of others. After all, does it not resolve itself into the words of Jesus, "Thy will, not mine, be done." Let infinite Love and Law make our vital decisions for us, instead of our personal desires, and so save ourselves and all dear to us from unnecessary suffering and continued ignorance.

It has taken a lifetime to see this guidance at work in my life. Other than general guidelines, no one can tell us what feelings to feel, what words to say, what prayers to pray, or what deeds to do. We in the Temple are drawn to our rich teachings of Brother-Sisterhood and tolerance or we wouldn't be together as a group. While we must make our choices individually, we can *share* how they work for us and perhaps learn from each other's experiences. I truly believe that we belong to the world, and I'm grateful for this opportunity to share some of my experiences with you.

My high school dream of a career in international relations didn't survive my failure at college the first time around. A decade later, however, I was tantalized during the 1960 presidential campaign when John F. Kennedy proposed his dream of people helping people through the establishment of the Peace Corps. He asked all Americans to look at what we could do for others in fulfilling our responsibility to the concept of global peace on a practical level. He wasn't the first to ask — there were already programs based on this concept — but he *did* ask, and he asked at a time and in a manner that caught the American imagination, the idealism, and the practicality of this country. You probably know these words: "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what

you can do for your country. Ask not what America can do for you, but together what we can do for the freedom of man.”

Even though former President Dwight Eisenhower needled JFK about the “Kiddy Corps,” President Kennedy went ahead with the plan and signed it into being with an executive order on March 1, 1961. His dream caught fire in Americans of all ages, as epitomized by an early volunteer who said, “I’ve never done anything political, patriotic, or unselfish before because nobody ever *asked* me to.”

By this time I had returned to college, successfully earned my degree, and planned to teach abroad. I was offered contracts in Benghazi, Libya and Germany, but chose an assignment at the US Navy Dependents Schools at Subic Bay in the Philippines.

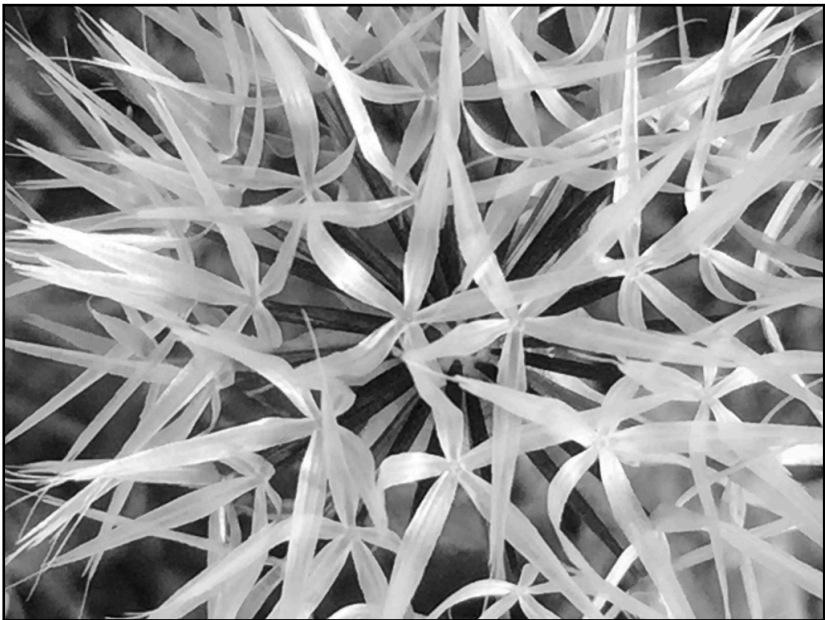
Naval Base Subic Bay had been on full alert while we rode out the tensions of the Bay of Pigs. A counterbalance was for us to hear about positive, peace-oriented efforts by regular Americans, and one day a young American woman spoke at a school assembly about her experiences as a Peace Corps volunteer. The Peace Corps was then in its second year, and I had been put off by stories I’d heard about the intensive training for volunteers that included rappelling up and down cliffs, running for miles, learning languages, and swimming rivers. Cliffs and running and languages were bad enough, but swimming was not for me, which was why I had chosen the Naval Dependents School. Although Kennedy had asked and I wanted to serve, I had doubts about my ability to fulfill Peace Corps ideals — yet here was this Peace Corps volunteer telling me she wasn’t climbing cliffs or swimming on any required basis. I knew then that I wanted to apply.

I came home after one year in the Philippines, loving the work but devoured by homesickness for Halcyon and everything it meant to me. Yet, once here, I knew I was ready for another overseas experience, so I applied to teach at the American school in Guatemala City. My friend Alice and I also filled out several pages

of application forms for the Peace Corps and eagerly sent them off. We were careful not to slant our preferences for country of service. However, I thought since I had taught in a military school in the Philippines I might be sent there.

When JFK was assassinated in November 1963, serving in the Peace Corps became my personal taking on of a torch — a quest. Although I was accepted for that post in Guatemala City, I turned it down. In May 1964, I received a letter from the Peace Corps inviting me for training at UCLA. I had been accepted for the English teaching program in Ethiopia, and Alice was accepted for the Philippines. I had to get out the encyclopedia to locate Ethiopia on the world map, and to learn about Emperor Haile Selassie and this African mountain kingdom with its exports of coffee and honey.

Over thirteen weeks of immersion training at UCLA, I learned about Africa, Ethiopia, and myself. I learned I could run cross-country stretches of two miles, do more sit-ups and push-ups than I



thought existed, teach games I'd never played before, and became a pincushion for the Medical Center. I learned what to say, what not to say, what to pack, what not to pack, what to teach, and how to teach it. Training was ten hours a day, six days a week. With my fear of swimming, I was greatly relieved to be told to stay out of the water in Africa and avoid the chances of shistosomiasis, a liver fluke that requires a human host in its life cycle. I returned home to pack, attend going-away parties, be interviewed by the local papers, and finally board a plane bound for New York, Lisbon, Madrid, Athens, Rome, Cairo, and finally Addis Ababa in Ethiopia.

When all 285 of us got off that plane at Addis to join the 125 volunteers who had been there for a year, we more than doubled the number of college-trained teachers in Ethiopia. When I personally got off that plane, I had been traveling without much sleep for two days, had a bad head cold, and a terrible case of homesickness. I was filled with anguish and wanted to resign then and there, but what stopped me was the thought of all those parties, all the publicity, and the support of everyone back home. I decided at least to try it till Christmas.

I began teaching third and fourth graders. My first day with the third graders was their introduction to English — and I knew very little Amharic — but I was hooked! In the words from *Anna and the King of Siam*, “The children, the children — I can’t forget the children, their shining faces looking up at me...”

In an early letter home, I wrote, “Yesterday, I was teaching the third grade class how to write their names in English. There I was standing on a dirt floor, in a room with dark brown mud walls, in front of a small chalkboard, a corrugated tin roof and tight-packed rows of hard wooden benches crammed with interested but squirmy students. Pretty typical third graders. I wrote all 55 names on the board and as I turned around, they said, ‘Sank you’ in English — nearly their entire vocabulary in English at that point.

And they had their little tongues out. In Amharic language, *this, that, there* — those sounds that come with the tongue between the teeth — there is no such sound. And what's more, it's not socially acceptable to show your tongue. So for me to come along and say, 'You're not saying it right, don't say *shank* you, say *Thank* you' — it was hard, but they did it. They were so pleased with themselves, they were absolutely beaming, and I was nearly bawling."

From another letter: "I had the cutest third grade boy whose name is Samuel, pronounced Sam-u-el (the a sounds ah). I told him he would be called Sam in America. He understands more English than many of the others. He's so pleased with "Sam." He came up today and had me show him how to write S-A-M. There are no nicknames in this country so this is unusual. He simply beams when I call him Sam. Yesterday when Sarah [another volunteer teacher] and I walked across town, Sam followed nearby looking as if he just happened to come by. He is sitting now in the corner of the room wiggling his bare toes. Silently whistling as he practices cursive a-b-c's for the first time.

"I started the Girl Guides yesterday. There are about 15 of the ninth and tenth graders who want to learn to sew and so forth. The school has only one sewing machine, a treadle, which is broken. I'll get parts in Addis one day when we go in. In the meantime needle and thread will have to do.

"A year ago today, the hideous nightmare of the assassination was well under way. So much has happened in the time since. But it still seems so close. The children here speak of Kennedy frequently, often forgetting he is not still alive."

In December of 1964, I wrote: "Christmas Day we taught school. I had to take Jo to the hospital in the morning to get another shot. She was the fellow Peace Corps volunteer who was having a bout of stubborn bronchitis. We have a government hospital here in town run by Norwegian missionary doctors that is very good. When we



get sick we have to report to the Peace Corps doctors by phone.

“We have one of the six telephones in town in our house. One day it rang and we discovered it worked. But unless it is very serious, the Peace Corps doctors send us to Norwegians. They are very competent doctors. Jo and I sat in the waiting room while waiting for the doctor. We were knitting busily. Two older Ethiopian women were sitting next to us fascinated with what we were doing. Jo was knitting with one needle and one of those spools producing a rope-like thing that will be sewn into a rug. I’m still working on my black sweater. In my very limited Amharic, with the help of the Amharic dictionary I just happened to have in my basket (I carry it everywhere), we discussed what we were doing, how long it would take to finish, what the material was, and so forth. The women wanted to know what we did in Yirgalem, where we lived, and all about us. All of this was going on in Amharic the entire time. I was startled to realize how much I had actually learned from my

students at school, and the genuine delight when you can even haltingly carry on a conversation is ample reward for the struggle.”

In the summer of 1965, Sarah and I taught summer school. By that time, I was teaching Home Economics on the school compound in a small, three-room cement brick house. There was no running water, so any water I got was by students who misbehaved in other classes and were sent to the office. From there, they were sent with buckets down to the river to bring me water for the Home Ec program. It was an effective discipline because most of the kids who misbehaved were boys, and since getting water was “woman’s work,” being sent for water was a real slam. Suddenly I had no water, but nobody was misbehaving in class!

We elected to have our summer project there in the Home Ec house because I had big tables. I wrote, “Summer school is fun. These children have never had any kind of art materials before, other than a pencil and a small piece of paper. We bought great big sheets of newsprint that thrilled them afresh every day. Since we were unable to get crayons, we are using colored chalk, also scissors, colored paper, yarn, glue, cloth, grass, flowers, seeds, etc. Children in the USA are so accomplished even before they enter school in regard to these things. I wish I had words to describe the faces of these nine- and ten-year-old Ethiopian children when they finger-painted for the first time. They looked askance at the glob of blue guck we put on their wet paper. Then tentative hands were put into it, faces grimacing first at the texture, then as they worked it around, looks of pure wonder and delight as they felt the sensuous pleasure of spreading the paint using all their fingers. Blue paint soon spread all over the paper, clothes, tables, and walls.

“And each day we have a different topic that we talk about. The town, their families, the country, things in nature, machines, and so forth. We discuss it in English, learning all the new words, then we express it in picture form in different mediums. One day it may be

in chalk, or a collage of paper and cloth, small paper, large paper, shared paper, all different. Then before we send them home we give them a treat. A candy, popcorn, ice cubes, or something along that line. With the home economics equipment that I was given out of the government storeroom came this big American refrigerator, and it doesn't have much bearing on the average Ethiopian lives, or didn't in those days. We used it. I kept it full of soft drinks that I sold to the teachers during break time and I used that money to buy supplies for the Home Ec program. We also made ice cubes which were something really special for the kids. We made lots of ice cubes. One of the other volunteers had been sent a hand-cranked ice cream maker by his aunts in New Hampshire. So we made ice cream and invited all the neighborhood kids at regular intervals. That was a treat. The treat, if nothing else, guarantees their attendance the next day.

"One day last week, we made finger puppets from a tube rolled of colored paper. Such excitement! Never had they seen puppets before, but they worked for two solid hours without stopping. They posed proudly with them the next day when I took pictures. Yesterday they took them home. One little girl who had been absent yesterday saw me in the street later and came running pell-mell, threw herself into my arms, and gasped, 'Miss Shumway, where is my pukket?' Refraining from correcting her pronunciation just then, I assured her I had saved it and she could have it for sure on Monday."

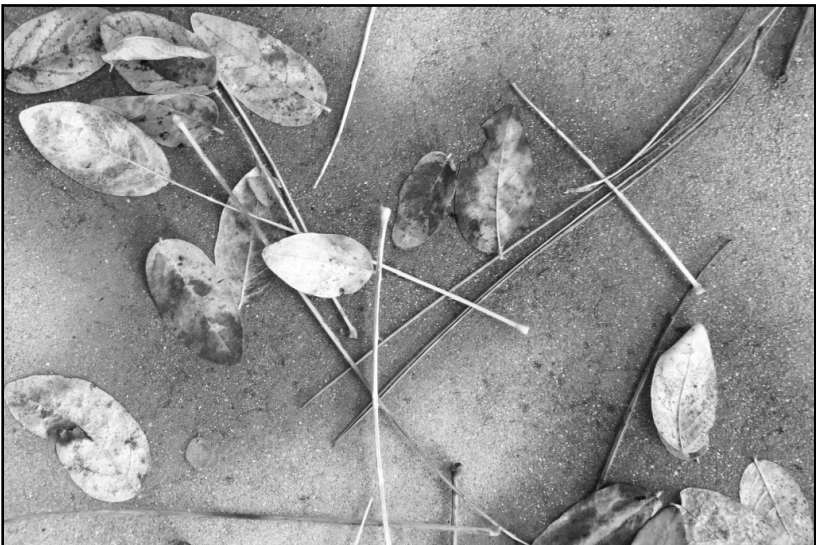
Of course, the letters home weren't all of an uplifting nature. There were times of boredom, heartache, conflict, depression, illness — but you get through the hardest times as you get through the best of times: one step at a time, learning from each experience.

All of these times came tumbling out of my trunk of memories on a Tuesday in 1988, when I attended a vigil at Cal Poly, my alma mater, with other returned Peace Corps volunteers to commemorate

the 25th anniversary of Kennedy's assassination. There were about 30 of us, young and not-so-young, sitting together talking about the dream that had sent us out into the four comers of the world.

Many at the table had served more than one tour, and all parts of the world were represented. We spoke of our desire to fulfill three particular goals of the Peace Corps: To take skills to places that needed them and asked for them; to take knowledge of America to other countries by being the best example of American mystique that we could be; and then to bring back a sense of the cultures where we worked and share that sense with those at home, enhancing and enlarging the American commitment to the world community. All three goals were worked on in small ways, even on one-to-one exchanges, which can bring tremendous change when multiplied by the 150,100 returned Peace Corps volunteers and the 5,000 who were in the field at that time in 1988. Even today, the Peace Corps is still viable in many places in the world.

One fellow had been in the very first group of volunteers. They were invited to a special reception in the White House and were



wished well by President Kennedy himself before leaving. When Jake reached his post in a remote corner of Tanzania, he set about helping to design and build a network of gravel roads connecting villages. Like the rest of us, he soared with the highs and struggled with the lows and came home after two years to share what he had learned. He returned to that dusty corner of the world 18 years later, and found it wasn't much different. The road was there but more like a washboard; the dust was still all-embracing. The people's lives were not much changed, but they were delighted to see him. He wrote in his journal, "Kennedy must have been one hell of a guy for me to come here."

At that table was a nurse who served in Barbados and taught her neighbor to boil his water for safer drinking. A young man wept as he told us about the village in Afghanistan where he had worked for two years in the late 70's that had been destroyed in the recent war there. Another came to listen because he had just been accepted by the Peace Corps for service in South America, and the university was allowing his project to be his Master's thesis. All of us at that table were touched by a dream, shared that dream, and put that dream into some kind of action in our daily lives.

The Peace Corps is but one of many ways to build a process of becoming one with the world rather than being only one tiny bit of it. We have to begin within ourselves, our own consciousness, and reach out to our neighbor, our neighborhood, our town, our county, the state, our region, the nation. The ways of reaching are as diverse as we are, and from that diversity comes our strength and our unity — as *one world*.

It wasn't until after I got home that I came across a message from Master Hilarion given in 1930. I still carry copies of it around with me because it speaks to me so intensely, as though it's imprinted in every cell in my body. These are His words:

"I am the world's. The world is mine, as you are mine indeed. All people draw I to my heart, call all to my hearthstone. Upon you I depend to greet them with me, to give welcome with arms of soul outstretched in understanding embrace. Endeavor to put them at ease, see that they feel at home. Speak with them in language of their own when possible to you. Better to assume certain customs of theirs while they are becoming acquainted with you and their new surroundings than you turn them from you with lack of cordiality or appreciation. Hospitality thrusts not its peculiarities of difference upon others but reconciles the same through study and consideration. You shall find far more foreign types at your door, standing in your aisles than you have known before. Creeds, colors, races of all kinds are in crusade to your shrine at the present moment. Do you not rejoice? We rely upon you to open your hearts wide to give breadth and scope that the pageant may have full sweep. It is composed of your children and your children's children of other lives, and of those who must follow you in future days, upon whom you may look for dependence."

— *Eleanor L. Shumway*
Guardian in Chief

The Avataric Mantram

*I will endeavor to realize
the presence of the Avatar
as a living power in my life.*

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

I salute you. I am your friend, and my love for you goes deep. There is nothing I can give you which you have not. But there is much, very much that, while I cannot give it, you can take.

No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today. Take heaven! No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in this present little instant. Take peace!

The gloom of the world is but a shadow. Behind it, yet within our reach, is joy. There is radiance and glory in darkness, could we but see. And to see, we have only to look. I beseech you to look.

Life is so generous a giver. But we, judging its gifts by their covering, cast them away as ugly or heavy or hard. Remove the covering, and you will find beneath it a living splendor, woven of love by wisdom, with power.

Welcome it, grasp it, and you touch the angel's hand that brings it to you. Everything we call a trial, a sorrow or a duty, believe me, that angel's hand is there; the gift is there and the wonder of an overshadowing presence. Your joys, too: be not content with them as joys. They, too, conceal diviner gifts.

Life is so full of meaning and purpose, so full of beauty beneath its covering, that you will find earth but cloaks your heaven. Courage then to claim it, that is all! But courage you have, and the knowledge that we are pilgrims together, wending through unknown country home.

And so at this Christmas time I greet you. Not quite as the world sends greetings, but with profound esteem and with the prayer that for you now and forever the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

— *Fra Giovanni Giocondo, Franciscan Friar (c. 1433–1515)*

Fra Giovanni wrote this letter to Countess Allagia Aldobrandeschi on Christmas Eve, 1513. It appeared in the Artisan once before in the Christmas 1957 issue.

Unity

Blender of hearts, soother of disputes,

Spirit of Unity,

There is joy in my heart because of your presence,

There is happiness in my life because of your wide increase,

Because of the blossoming of hearts into closer understanding,

Because of the blossoming of souls,

Because of deeper loving.

I feel your magic

working its mystery through our Temple life,

I sense your powers binding us in golden bonds of loving.

Hands I love around me,

Hearts I love about me,

Souls I love revealing themselves more and more,

Spirits shyly, tentatively, and in the end confidently unifying.

Blender of hearts, soother of disputes,

Spirit of Unity,

There is joy in my heart because of your presence,

There is happiness in my life because of your wide increase.

— John O. Varian

1863 – 1931

Published 1931

NOTES ABOUT TOWN

As Autumn has shifted to Winter, the pandemic continues to impact our nation and our planet. Members of the Temple family here and around the world are dealing with effects of the virus, and we surround each and every one of you with the Light.

The holidays are usually a time when visitors enjoy time at the Center, but our guest quarters and community buildings remain closed. The Temple's 122nd Anniversary, Thanksgiving, and Christmas were all celebrated online this year, as the pandemic continues to inspire alternative ways of gathering together. The Temple family is ever-expanding as new friends join in from all over the world, smiling back at us in study classes and services. We are delighted to welcome you all.

Eleanor was the first to be filmed in what is intended to be a historical record of the people and places in the Halcyon community, as Andrei and Yuli launch a documentary interview project. Recorded in the Temple, the GinC answered thoughtfully crafted questions covering her life and Temple work. She has also been a guest speaker, interviewed three times by a professor at Cal Poly for his classes in world religion.

The efforts of our Halcyon gardeners and farmers are notable, as the change of seasons brings winter bloomers into view and allows summer bloomers to go fallow for a time. The chickens at the Central Home are in their glory as well, with gorgeous patterns and colors that only Nature could dream up — and they are good conversationalists, too. Listen and look next time you refill your water.

California is entering the rainy season but without the rain. In the dry air, you can hear the sound of the ocean surf on these bright, calm Halcyon days and chilly starlit nights. A strong wind event in early December blew over two large old pines, tearing them out at their roots. The one behind Hiawatha Lodge barely clipped the fascia but caused no other damage. The other fell into the field

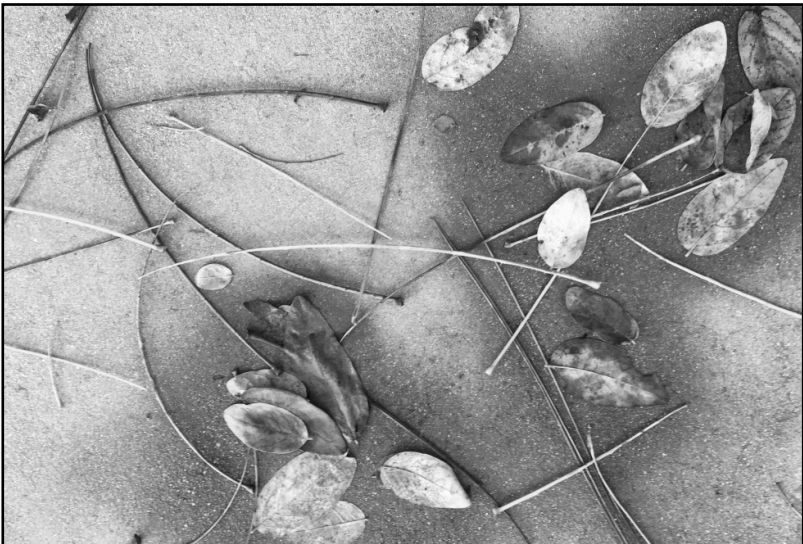
leased to John Taylor, its huge multiple trunk structure creating a Medusa-like tangle of broken limbs and sprinkling the ground with many hundreds of pinecones. The majority of the mess was quickly cleared and chipped into sizable mulch piles, the contents of which are disappearing into people's yards and garden pathways.

We are continually updating our mailing list for The Temple Artisan. Please let us know if you've had a change of address.

From everyone here at the Center, we wish you a blessed holiday season and a bright, happy, and healthy New Year 2021.

IN MEMORIAM

Immanuel Balogh passed on to the higher light in November. He came to live in Halcyon in 1987 with his mother Verona and younger brother John. An artful, sensitive soul, Immanuel was an accomplished musician who sometimes played his original piano compositions in the Temple, and most recently collaborated on a documentary film. He leaves behind his fiancée, Leigha, and loving family.



TEMPLE ACTIVITIES AND NOTICES

Temple services and study classes are held online at California time. You can join us by using the contact link on the Temple website.

As the COVID-19 pandemic continues, community buildings such as the William Quan Judge Library, Hiawatha Lodge, and University Center are closed to normal use. The Open Gate and apartment guest quarters are also closed until further notice.

The Temple Healing Service is held daily at noon in the Temple. This 15-minute service offers prayers and meditations for the health and safety of the world, every day of the year. The words to the service can be found on the Temple website.

Sunday Services are held online at 10:30 a.m.

First Sunday of the month: The Feast of Fulfillment is the Temple Communion service. All are welcome.

Last Sunday of the month: Enter the Silence features inspirational readings and short meditation, followed by the Temple Healing Service.

Other Sundays: These services feature talks by the Guardian in Chief or others on Temple-related topics.

Tuesday and Friday Study Classes are held online at 5:30 p.m.

Group study and discussion of the Teachings and selected Temple materials are held weekly for approximately one hour.

The speakers in the Sunday services were:

September 13, Eleanor L. Shumway: *To Be Or Not To Be: That Is the Question*; September 20, Damian Rollison reading Harold E. Forgostein: *All God's Children* (1957) and *About the Temple Teachings* (1972); October 11, Eleanor L. Shumway: *A Tribute to Harold E. Forgostein*; October 18, Paul Eli Ivey, PhD: *Mapping the Soul*; November 1, Eleanor L. Shumway: *About the Feast*; November 8, Eleanor L. Shumway: *Let's Do It Together*; November 15, Temple Birthday Celebration, featuring readings by the Temple officers; November 22, Rick London: *Mammon-ocracy by Intelligent Design*.

The Temple of the People

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